

# ANIMAL

10¢

No. 5  
OCTOBER  
NOVEMBER

# COMICS





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

## RIDDLE 1.



WHAT DOES A CAT HAVE THAT NO OTHER ANIMAL HAS?

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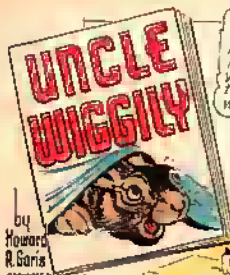
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by  
Howard  
R. Garis  
illustrated by  
H. B. McBRIDE

I'm awfully  
sorry your  
rheumatism  
is so bad  
you can't go  
to the circus  
with us, Uncle  
Wiggily

There! You're  
tucked in snug  
and warm—  
but I do wish  
you were  
coming, too.

So do I, Nurse  
Jane—I'd love  
to see Flip-Flop,  
the poodle acrobat  
—I taught him  
how to do stunts  
when he was  
a puppy.



Hello! Are  
you all ready  
to go?

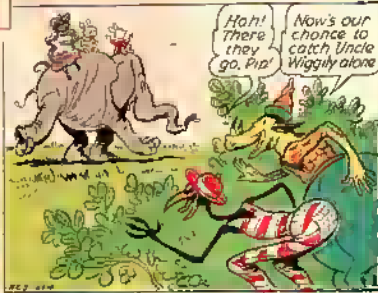
Oh, Elfie, it  
is SO kind  
of you to  
call for us!

It'll be fun  
riding on a  
real circus  
elephant.

Goodbye,  
Wiggily,  
and don't  
get un-  
covered.



Bye-bye, everybody!  
Remember me to  
Flip-Flop!



Hah!  
There  
they  
go, Pip!

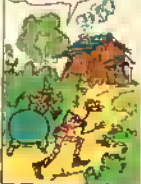
Now's our  
chance to  
catch Uncle  
Wiggily alone

All I ask is a chance to pay that old rabbit for fooling us with his hot air balloon last week—

—and making us sneeze so hard with his red pepper trick



If we sneak up without his seeing us he won't have a chance to lock the door

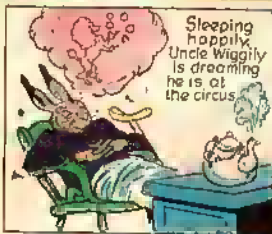


It's already locked Skee

Psssst! I can see him—he's asleep by the stove



Sleeping happily, Uncle Wiggily is dreaming he is at the circus



What's the answer, Skee? If we break a window, he'll jump down cellar.

Hush up and let me think



A pick and shovel—they're the answer! We'll dig a pit in front of Uncle Wiggily's porch—



—and when it's done we'll cover it with sticks and grass—

—and when he steps on it he'll fall through to the bottom—that's a swell scheme!



Well, what's the matter now? Don't you think this trap will catch Uncle Wiggily?

The trap is all right-but how are we going to get him out of the house?

Don't worry, Pip-I'll drive him out in a hurry- You duck behind the bushes and watch

All right



Heh-heh-heh! I guess that old Longears won't sleep long with his chimney stopped up

PUFF!

PUFF!

PUFF!

Uff-uff! Smoke! Koff-koff!



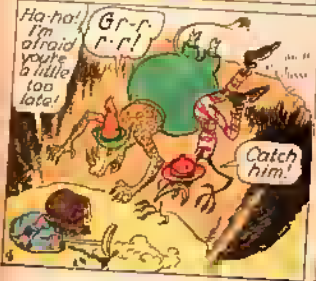
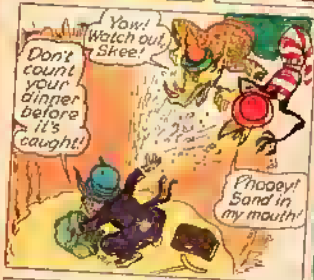
Fire! The house is burning down-I mean up!

Tee-hee-hee!

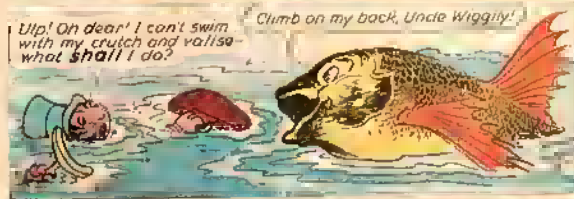
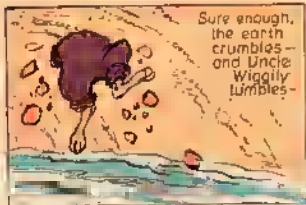
At least I saved my crutch-and my valise

Ho-ho!

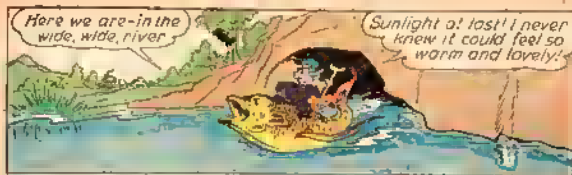












Goodbye—and thank you a hundred million times for saving my life, Goldy Finny!

Don't mention it, Uncle Wigg! I hope I'm there the next time you fall through the earth



Oh! My poor leg! My rheumatism's worse—just as I feared!



I'll have to put on this nightshirt and dress my clothes before I go any further



Brrrrr! I'll be thankful if I don't catch pneumonia.

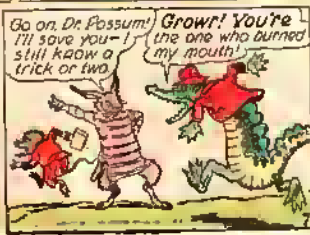
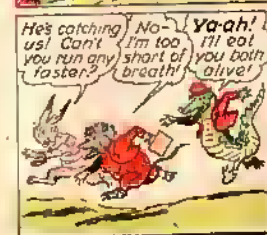
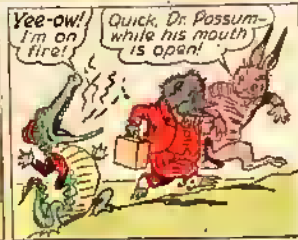
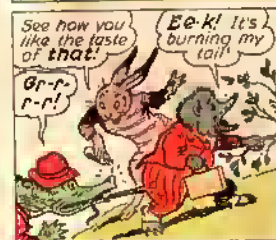
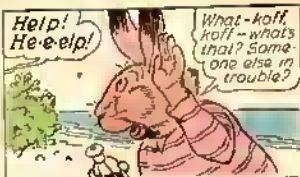


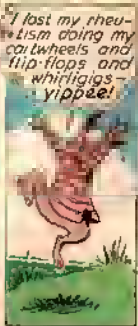
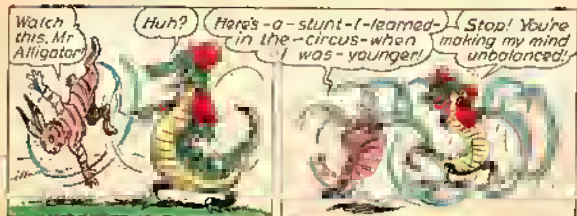
A dose of catnip elixir may help to warm me

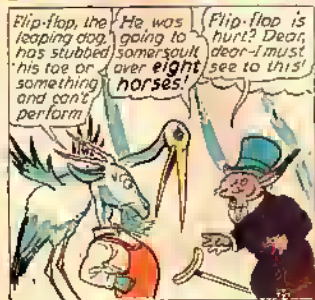
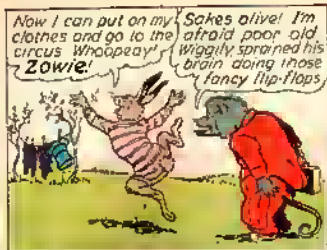


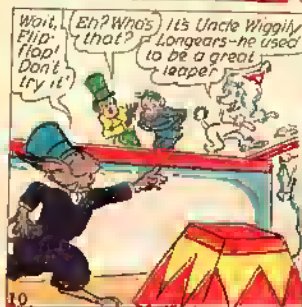
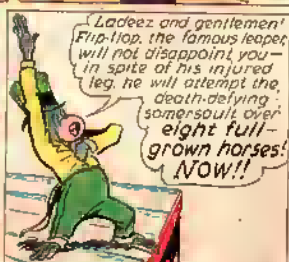
Gulp!









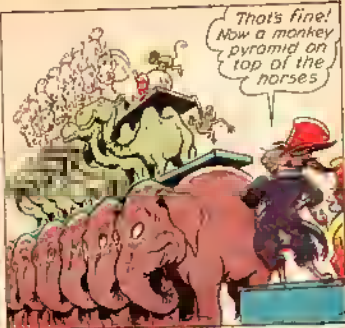


I'll show you a **real** thriller, folks—just build me a pyramid of elephants, camels, horses and riders and I'll jump over all of them!

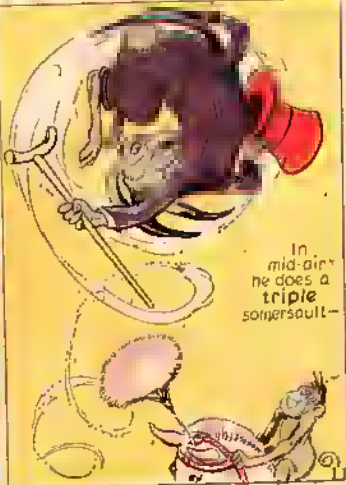
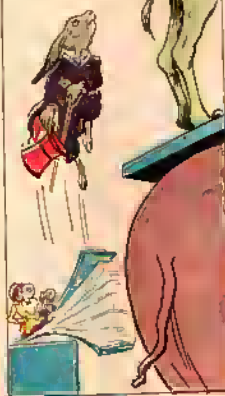
Wow! You mean that?



That's fine! Now a monkey pyramid on top of the horses



Uncle Wiggily hits the springboard and soars up—up—up—



In mid-air he does a triple somersault—



—and lands safely  
on a straw tick!

You rescued my  
show today,  
Uncle Wiggly—  
here are ten  
tickets to  
the next  
performance

Maybe I  
can help  
you out of  
a scrape  
some time

Oh! Thank  
you! Thank  
you!

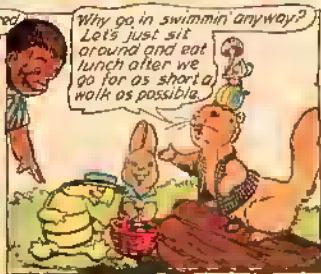
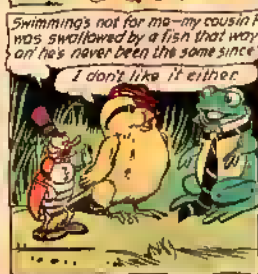
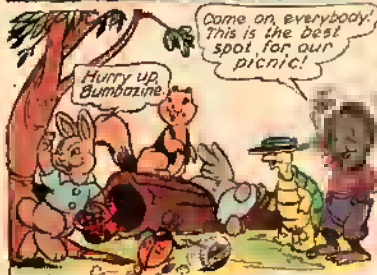
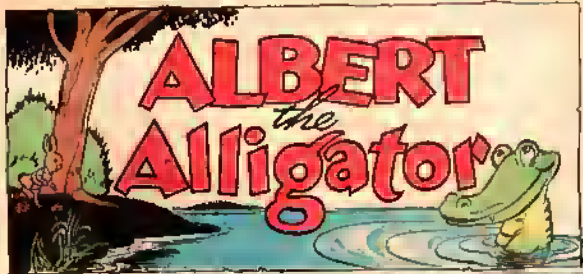
Ten free tickets!  
That's enough  
for all of us and  
the Squirrel  
Boys and the  
Muskrats, too  
Whoopie!

Wiggly Longears!  
Can't you act  
your age?

Yee-oy!

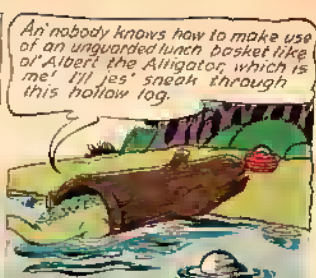








Looks like them  
chillun has got  
a heap of lunch



An' nobody knows how to make use  
of an unguarded lunch basket like  
ol' Albert the Alligator, which is  
me! I'll jes' sneak through  
this hollow log.



Mmmm — man alive, this basket  
is jes' chuck full of chicken  
an' catfish sandwiches!



My sakes! I is so  
full of sandwiches  
I is stuck on!  
here comes them  
chillun back!

Hey—  
somebody's  
stealin'  
our  
lunch!

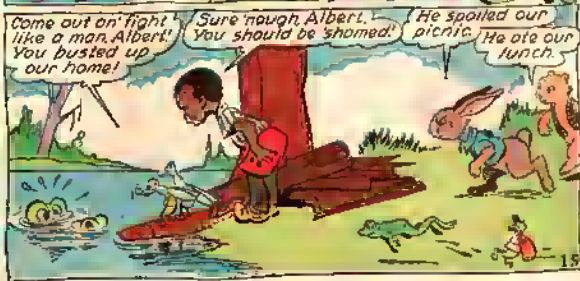
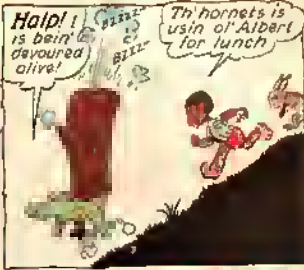
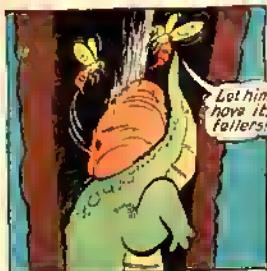


It's ol' Albert  
an' he's stuck  
in that hollow  
tree — he ate  
all our  
sandwiches!



Hah! I'm  
gettin'  
away!

Man! He's  
knockin' dat  
hornet's nest  
off into the  
hollow log!



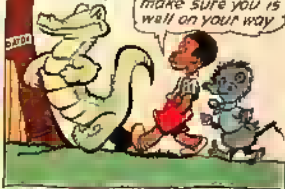
I quits! I isn't goin' to stay in this here swamp no more! Everybody always a-pickin' an' a-snappin' at me - I is gon' run off an' leave you shift for yourselves!

My sakes!



Can't you leave a man run away from home in peace? Mus' you follow and gawk?

You spoiled our day so we'll jus' make sure you is wall on your way



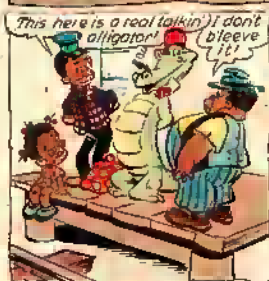
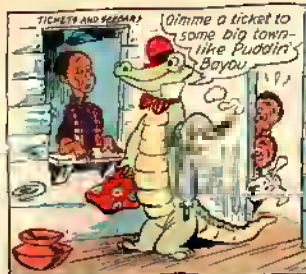
Forewell, my fairweather friends - when I'm a successful man in the city I'll drop you a line - and I hope you choke on it!

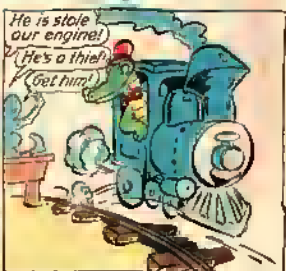
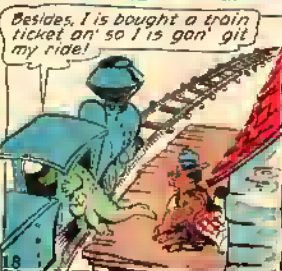
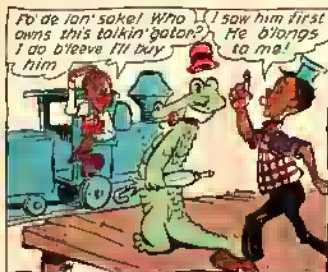
Th'some to you, Albert!

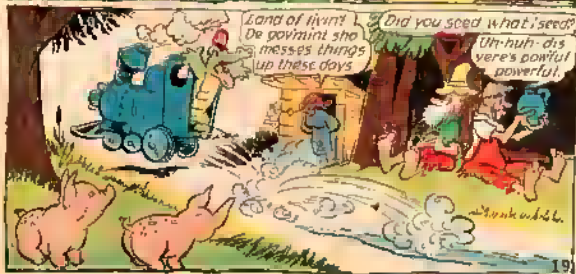
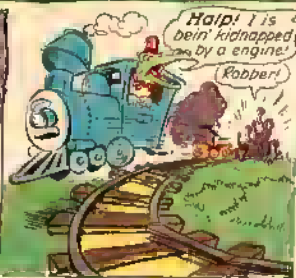
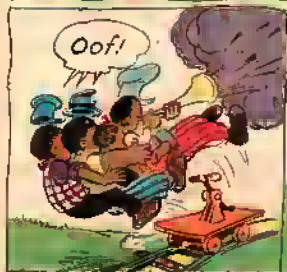
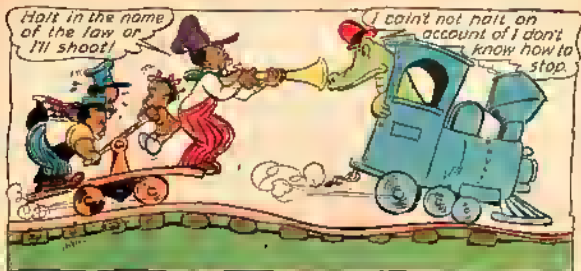


My sakes! He's really gone on his way!

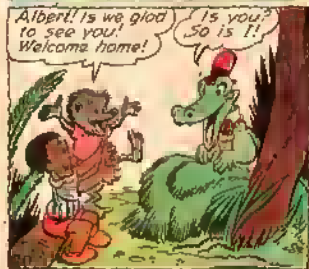
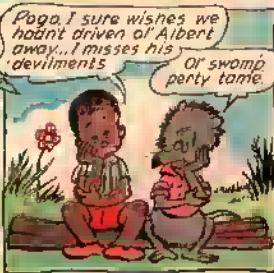
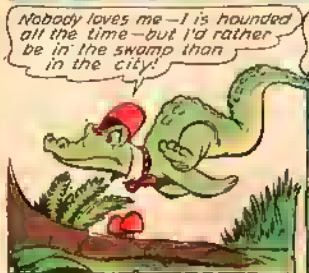
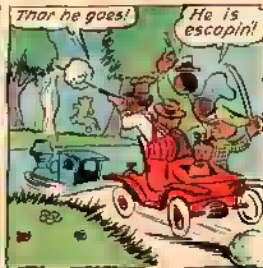
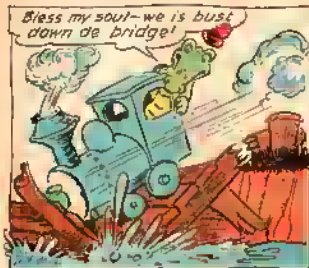














# Timothy Turtle

The sun was warm for autumn, and Timothy tied his ferryboat to a stake along the bank, then settled himself under a tree for a nap. Business was slow and the sun had made him sleepy, so he pulled his rap over his eyes and leaned back against the tree. Soon he was fast asleep.

No sooner had the first snore issued from under the rap than a little bear pecked around the edge of a bush, followed by another. Then carefully on tiptoe two little figures took out from behind the bush and approached the sleeping Timothy. They were the two little brothers of the Honey Bear. Quietly they approached Timothy and pecked under his rap, then they quickly ran back to the bush but he

took up and find them there.

"Gee, he's sound asleep. Now's our chance to take that rule on the ferryboat he promised us," the little bear said.

"Don't you think we ought to wait till he wakes up, so we can ask him?" the other one inquired. "He might be awfully angry if we just take it without asking."

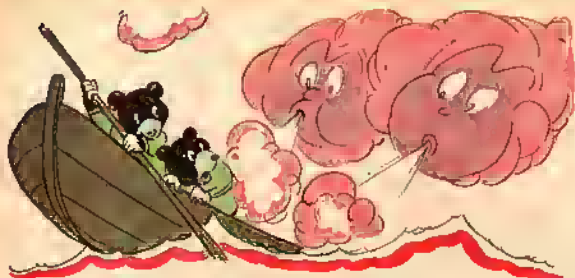
"No, he might say it's not worth it in the end. He's always finding excuses. Let's just take the boat, and if he doesn't wake up before we get back, he'll never know the difference."

So the two little bears untied the ferry from its mooring and, grasping the long pole, they started it out into the middle of the stream. Gently it floated along, bobbing up and down with the water. The two little bears ran hand in hand, leaning over the edge and peering down into the water.

Then suddenly it happened! The autumn wind had been rising for many days to get even with Timothy Turtle for taking them to their autumn to upset his boat, and when they saw the ferry floating along without his guidance, their war drum began. So they pulled up their heads and blew up a signal that pulled the boat from one side of the stream to the other. The two little bears clung frantically to the sides of the boat, but they were unable to touch it with the pole.

"Help, help, Timothy, help us!" they





called on the ferry swept down the stream towards the waterfall.

Timothy awoke with a start. He was sure he had heard his name being called—and then he saw that his boat was gone.

He rushed on to the little landing place, his eyes searching the stream. There, just going around a bend in the stream, was the boat, idly racing down one bank in the eddy and on to—he couldn't believe his eyes! The Honey Bear's two little brothers! They must have reached all for a mile, and now they were unable to manage the boat.

"It's those autumn winds again," Timothy said to himself. "They've just been waiting for a chance to get that boat away

from me. I've got to get it before it rapsizes." And he ran, wildly clutching his cap, down along the bank when the ferry-bowl.

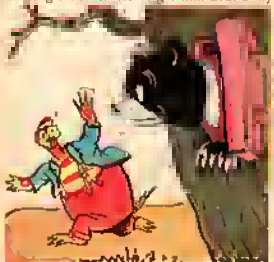
"I'm coming. I'll save you," he called after the two mischief-makers. "Hold on tight."

The boat, however, was fast disappearing from sight. The wind blew all the harder when they saw that Timothy was trying to come to the rescue. Timothy didn't know what to do. All he could think of was that he had to stop the boat before it reached the waterfall which fell into the swimming hole downstream. If the ferry fell over the falls, no telling what would happen to the two boys, but the boat would surely be broken to bits.

So he ran faster and faster, but he couldn't gain on the dashing boat. Timothy was filled with despair. Just then he thought of something. The Honey Bear! He would help. He was a much faster runner than Timothy. So Timothy hurried to the river bank and tapped on the base of the trunk.

"Come quick, come quick!" he called, when he saw the Honey Bear's face looking down at him from the branches. "Your two little brothers have taken the ferryboat and it's running away with them. We must save them." And off he started through the woods again.

"Hey, wait for me," called the Honey



Bear, and he slid down the trunk of the tree like a bath and was off after Timothy, asking questions as he ran.

"They are headed downstream for the fall," panted Timothy as the Honey Bear pulled up alongside of him. "We've got to stop them before they reach it."

The Honey Bear disappeared for a moment in the trees and then came back with a long length of line.

"What are you going to do with that?" gasped Timothy.

"Maybe we can get close enough to lay to them," said the Bear. And as they came in sight of the stream he tied a noose in the end of the line. There down the stream was the ferryboat bumping along over rocks, towing the two little bears from side to side.

"Oh, my poor little boat," moaned Timothy. "It will be broken to bits."

"Oh my poor little brothers," said the Honey Bear. "What about them?" And he swung the line through the air.

The noose on the end caught on one of the pickets and pulled taut, but the wind was too strong for the Bear. Clutching the other end of the rope he was dragged into the water and pulled through the water after the boat. He held on tightly, however, and rose spluttering to the surface, bumping along near the rocks in the wake of the ferryboat. Timothy raised as loud as he could along the bank, but there was nothing he could do to help.

"Let go," he cried to the Honey Bear.



"You'll be drowned. Let go." So the Honey Bear let go of the rope and managed to get to the bank where Timothy helped him up the tide.

"Well, that didn't work," panted the Honey Bear. "I don't know what we'll do now."

"About what?" asked a tiny voice beside them, and there perched on a flower was Billie Bumblebee.

"His two little brothers are adrift on my ferryboat and are headed for the fall. They'll be killed!" exclaimed Timothy.

"Oh, my goodness, that is serious. But I'll bet I can stop them."





"You? What can you do?" asked Timothy and the Honey Bear in surprise. "You're kinda small for rescue work."

"Just follow me, and you'll see. I might be small, but that doesn't keep me from getting ideas," and Billy zoomed off in the direction of the rattlesnake, the two friends following as fast as they could.

"Where's he going?" panted Timothy.

"He's taking a short cut through the woods. I guess he intends to head them off, but I don't see what he can do."

But in a moment he did. For when they arrived at the edge of the bank they saw that every beaver in the beaver colony,

babies and old folks alike, was hurrying like mad to construct a dam across the stream before the ferryboat came into sight. Billy Bumblebee sat on a log, directing the proceedings, and it was almost magic the way the dam sprang into life. Just as the ferryboat swept around the bend in the stream the last stick was put in place and the beavers sat down to rest.

"Whew!" exclaimed Granpa Beaver as he wiped his brow. "I haven't waded that hard since I was a young one. But we got him up in time. Here comes the boat."

Just as he entered the woods, the ferryboat swept around the curve and bang! It crashed against the dam and stopped. The two little honey bears were thrown to the floor of the boat, and the boat itself nearly splintered in two; but somehow it all managed to hold together, and the little crowd of animals on the bank set up a hurly cheery.

Timothy rushed over to see how his boat had fared while the Honey Bearollared his two little brothers and marched them all towards home. Billy Bumblebee and the beavers congratulated each other on a fine piece of rescue work.

Well, that's about all there is to the story except that everyone went to Honey Bear's house for tea and cakes later just to celebrate the great rescue. Oh yes, the two little honey bears stood up to eat their cakes because their mother somehow didn't approve of their borrowing a ferryboat without permission.

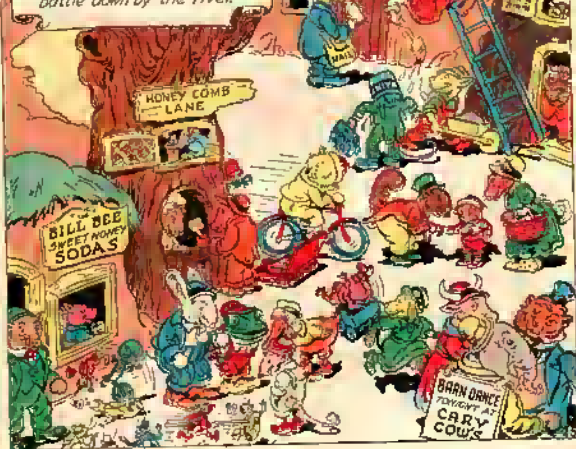


# MERRY MEADOWS

JUSTIN C. GRIELLE

JUSTIN C.  
GRUELLE

Everything was so dull and quiet in Merry Meadows that Maurice Mouse, Freddy Frog, Danny Duck and Robb Rabbit decided to play soldier and have a sham battle down by the river.



Let's run and get Bertrand Bear.

Golly, it sounds like a battle over at Bertrand.

It's just Bertrand practicing on his Sax.

Is all that noise coming from one horn?



He has to practice for twenty minutes. You boys can sit and listen.

It'll harden us up for the battle ahead.

Yeh, it sounds like the shrieks of the wounded!



I'll have some ice cream and cookies for you after the battle.





Hello, Earl Elephant, do you want to play soldier?

You bet! Can I be a marine?



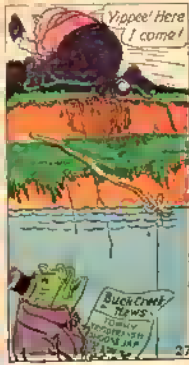
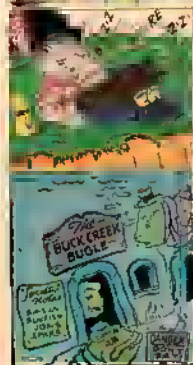
Hey, Tessie, would you like to play nurse?

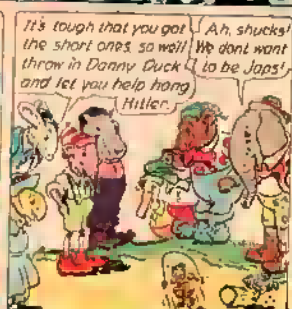
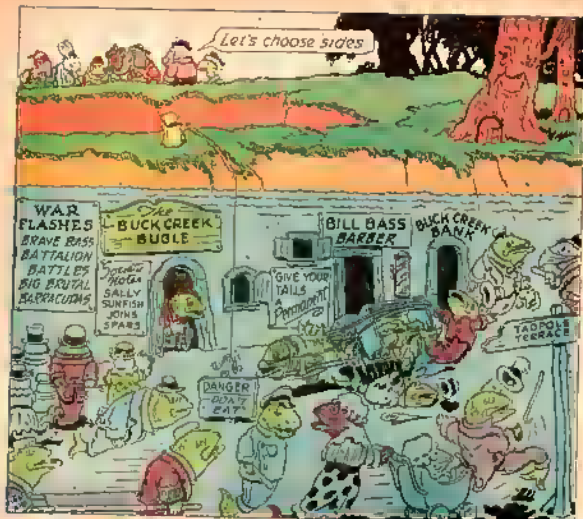
And hold our hands if we're wounded?

The idea intrigues me



Gracious, what's that noise?





This path can be the dividing line. You go down by the creek and we'll go into the woods. I'll whistle three times when the battle will start.

We'll be ready!



This hollow log will make a dandy cannon.

Both sides retired and prepared for the fray.

Load'er up with these acorns.

What's the big idea?

What can we use for ammunition?

It's Gerty Garter snake.

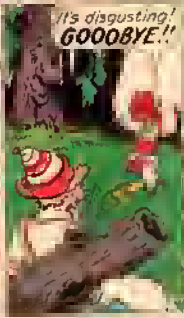
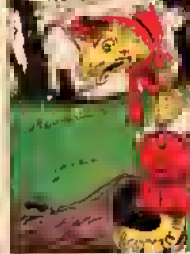


Can't a lady have any privacy round here?

It's disgusting!  
**GOOOBYE!!**

Hurray! This will surprise 'em. Fill'er up Rob!

Harry Hippo can shoot 'em by blowing in the end.



While this was going on, the other side was busy, too.

Look, fellers, here's some spoiled goose eggs.

They'll make nifty bullets. Oh, boy! What a splash they'll make!!

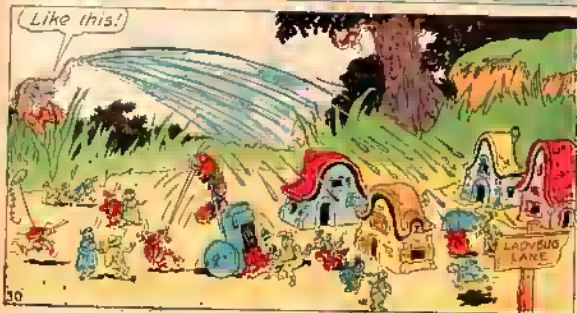
We want to make sure the wind's blowin' the other way.

We can bend this sapling down, lay the eggs on the sign and let 'em fly!

They'll need gas masks!!

And I can take a deep breath, fill my trunk with water and let 'em have it—

Like this!

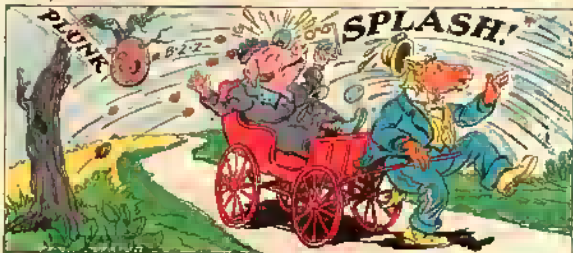


Who should wander across no man's land  
but snooty Mrs. Pig.

Home, James!  
This sylvan glade  
bore's me!

Yes, m'lady!

WHISTLE  
WHISTLE  
WHISTLE



On a nearby limb.

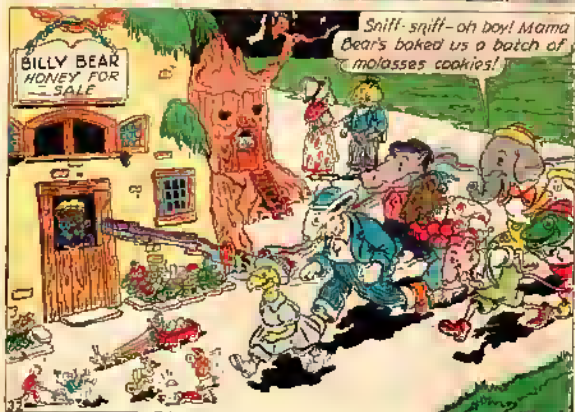
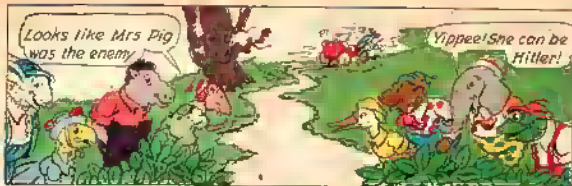


We're being attacked.  
Up and at 'em, men!!

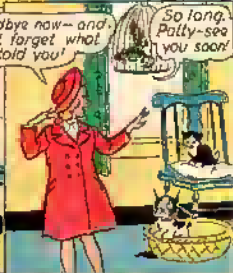


There the varmints  
are! Give 'em the  
works!!





# SCAMP



Slowly the hands of the living room clock move around from XII to III







Patty ought to be coming now—but I don't see her.



The folks had better come home pretty soon—I just can't be good much longer!



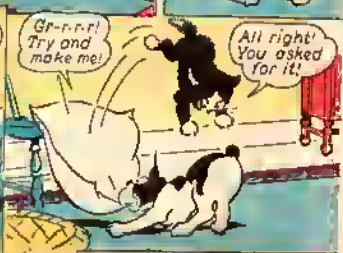
I'm sick of playing with that old rubber bone!



Gr-r-r-r!  
Let's have some fun, Mitzi!



Go chase yourself! Leave my cushion alone!



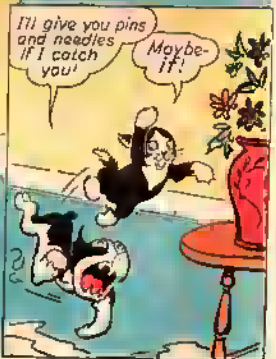
Gr-r-r-r!  
Try and make me!

All right!  
You asked for it!



Pins and needles!  
How do you like it?

Yi!  
Yow!



I'll give you pins and needles if I catch you!

Maybe if!



Splash!

Ulp!



Phooey! No fair—  
gulp—throwing  
water in my face!



Heh, heh, heh!  
Stormy weather—  
better shorten  
sail!

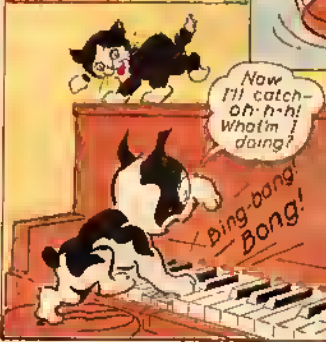


I'll shorten  
that kitten's  
tail—see if  
I don't

Hey! Look  
before you  
leap!



Oo-oo-oo-oo!  
I forgot this  
thing turns!

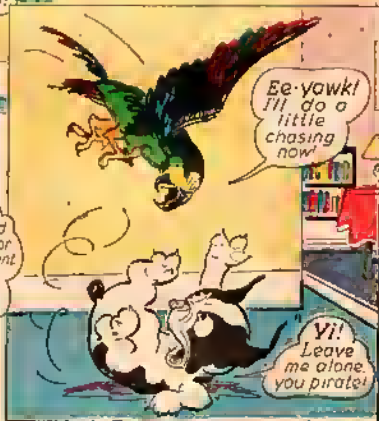
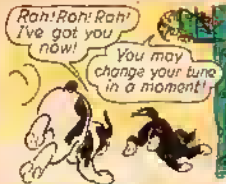


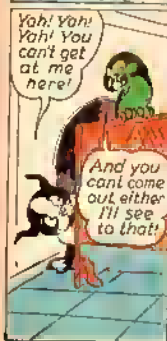
Now  
I'll catch—  
oh-h-h!  
What'm I  
doing?

Bing-bong!  
Bong!

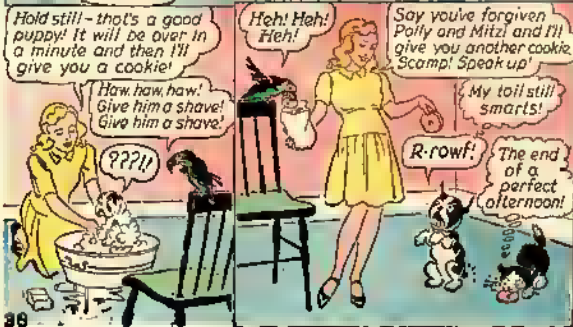
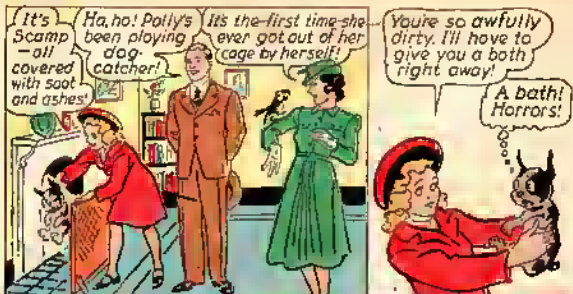


I can't  
stand his  
playing—it  
makes my toes  
tingle!





Across the room, on her own cushion, Milzi smiles a smile of pure contentment.



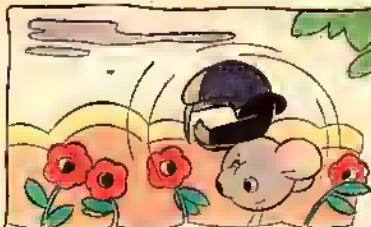
# MUGGINS MOUSE



One morning little Muggins Mouse  
Was feeling rather gay  
And ran into the brownies' wood  
Where he began to play.



He first played tag-your-shadow,  
And hop your tail and squeals,  
And next he stood upon his head  
And kicked up all his heels.



*He rolled himself then  
in a hoop  
And whirled around with vim,  
And whirled and whirled until  
he found  
A brownie watching him.*



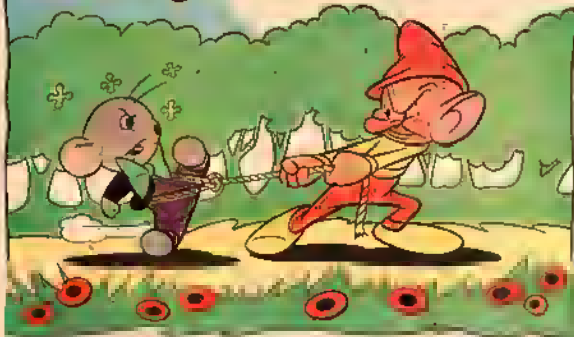
*No!* *"Hold up your paws," the brownie  
cried.  
"You're my mouse now. I mean,  
To pull my cart and plough  
my farm  
And do tricks in between."*





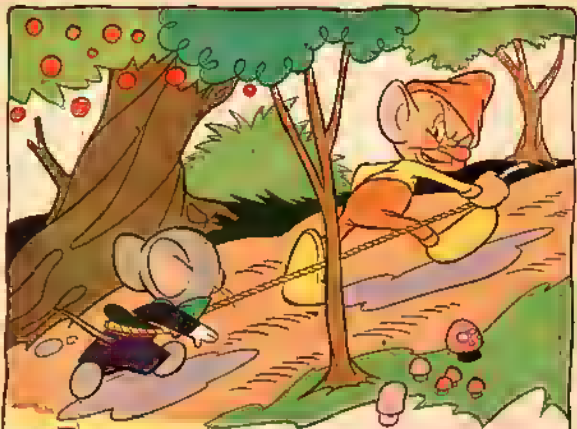


"I won't go with you!"  
Muggins sniffed,  
"I know I would be bored—"  
The brownie tied a rope  
to him,  
"Now, come along!" he  
roared.



Then Muggins stamped  
one foot and said,  
"My family might worry."  
But when the brownie  
pulled, he had  
To follow in a hurry.





*The brownie yanked poor Muggins on;  
He was quite rude, I fear;  
He didn't even give him time  
To stop and scratch his ear..*



*Muggins knew of people who'd got lost  
And left some things behind them,  
Like petticoats and bits of string  
To help their families find them.*



He didn't have a petticoat  
Or string or things like  
that,  
So he just dropped his  
handkerchief,  
His collar and his hat.



At last the brownie  
tied him up  
Beside a crooked tree.

"You cannot get  
away," he said,  
"So I'll go home  
for tea."

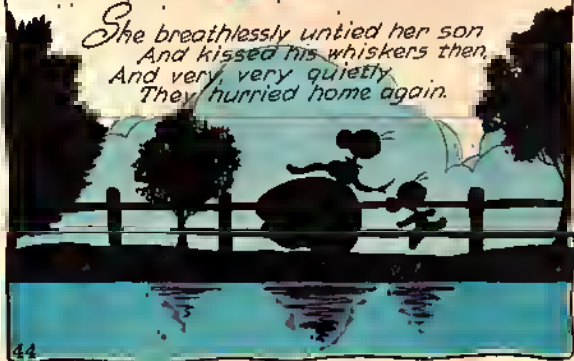


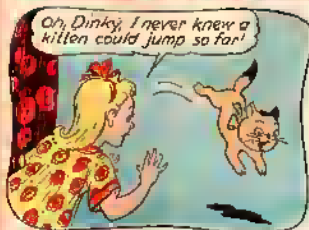


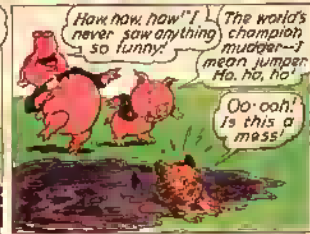
Poor Muggins Mouse felt lonesome  
But was too brave to holler,  
And then—his mother came along!  
She'd found his hat and collar.

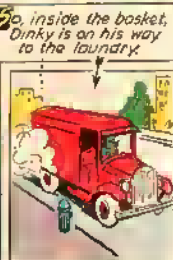


She breathlessly untied her son  
And kissed his whiskers then,  
And very, very quietly  
They hurried home again.

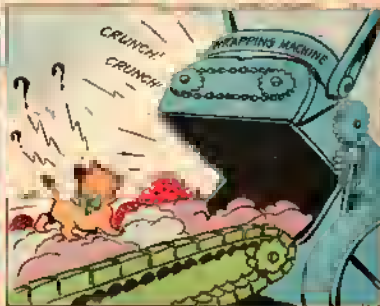
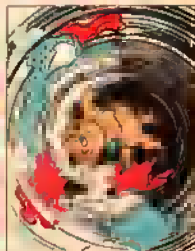
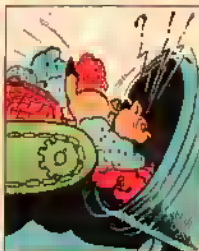
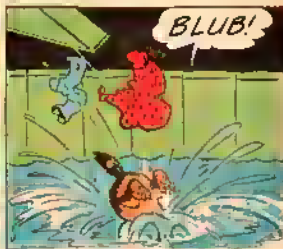
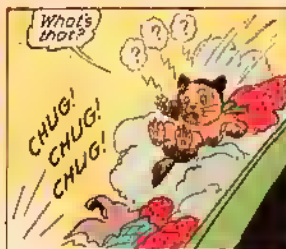


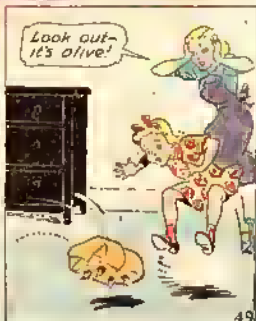
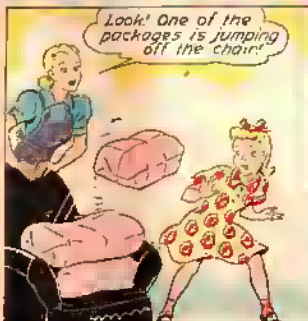


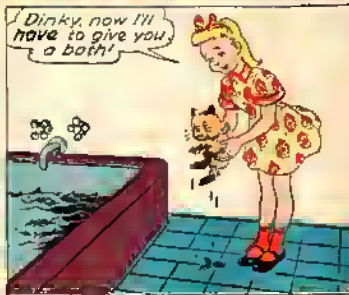
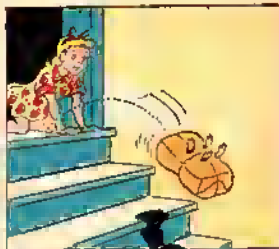












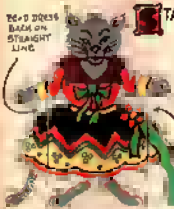
# ANIMAL

CUT OUT PAGE

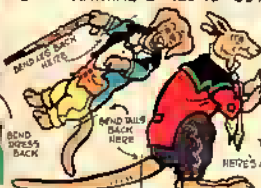
# COMICS

by A.W. NUGENT

BEND DRESS  
BACK ON  
STRAIGHT  
LINE



**STAND UP ANIMAL DOLLS TO CUT OUT.**

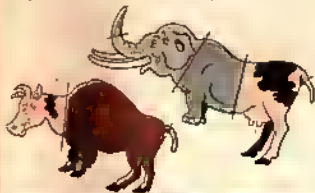


HERE ARE  
THREE  
CUT OUT DOLLS  
THAT WILL STAND  
UP WHEN THEY  
ARE FOLDED  
CORRECTLY.  
CUT THEM OUT  
CAREFULLY AROUND  
THEIR ENTIRE OUTLINES

HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE YOUR  
WATER COLORS OR  
CRAYONS

## A SCRAMBLED ZOO

CAN YOU REASSEMBLE THESE FOUR ANIMALS WITH  
THEIR PROPER HEADS, BODIES, TAILS AND TRUNKS?  
FIRST CUT OUT THE ANIMALS AROUND THEIR  
ENTIRE OUTLINES AND THEN CUT THROUGH THE STRAIGHT  
LINES AS INDICATED ON THE BODIES.



A.W. NUGENT

CAREFULLY CUT OUT THE WHOLEST  
AROUND ITS ENTIRE  
OUTLINE AND SEND THE WINGS  
UPWARD AND THE LEGS  
DOWNWARD ON THE  
DOTTED LINES.  
HOLD THE INSECT OVER  
YOUR HEAD AND  
POKE IT.

THE TOY  
WILL THEN SPIN  
AROUND AS  
IT BLAZES  
TO THE  
FLOOR



THE WHOLEST  
WILL ALWAYS  
LAND ON ITS FEET.

CUT THIS  
RABBIT  
OUT AROUND  
THE ENTIRE  
OUTLINE  
AND SEE  
HOW  
NICELY  
IT WILL STAND ON  
ITS HIND LEGS.

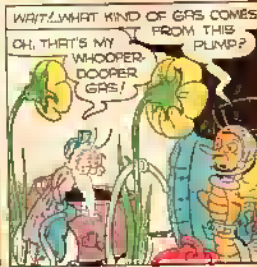
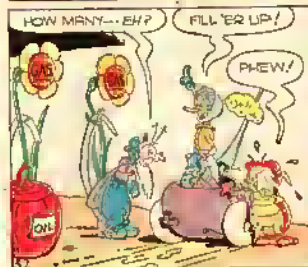
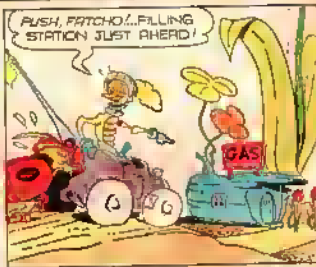
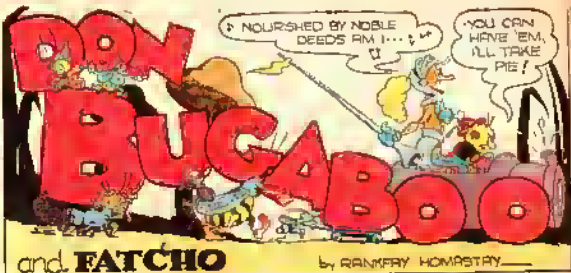
BEND DOWNWARD  
ON DOTTED  
LINE



ONE TO THE  
RIGHT AND  
ONE TO THE  
LEFT.

BEND  
DOWN  
BEND  
UPWARD ON  
DOTTED LINE

51



IT'S AVIATION GASOLINE, USED BY WASPS AND HUMMING BIRDS FOR SWIFT FLIGHT!

DON BUGABOO ALWAYS GETS THE BEST/GIVE US THE WHOOPER-DOOPER GAS!



OKAY--YOU ASKED FOR IT!



SHE'S FILLED UP!

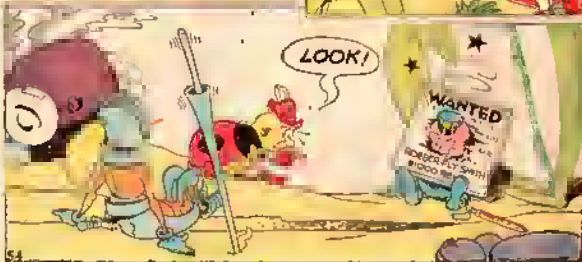
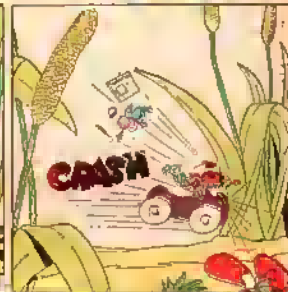
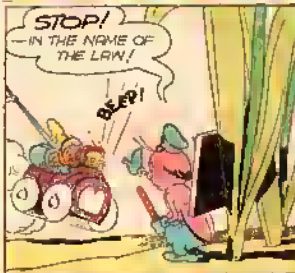
DRIVE ON FATCHO!

CAS

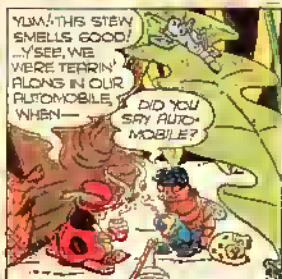
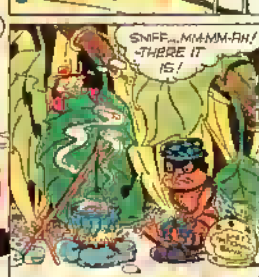
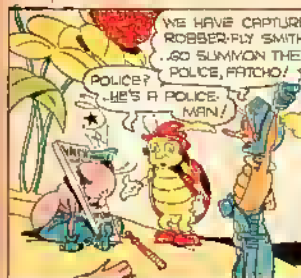


SMOLEY HOKES  
-WHOOPER-DOOPER  
IS RIGHT!









AN AUTO IS JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR! I NEED ONE TO MAKE MY GET-AWAY WITH!...QUICK! SHOW ME WHERE IT IS!

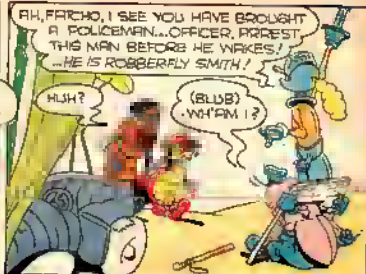
YVESSIR...RIGHT THIS WAY...



AH, FATCHO, I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT A POLICEMAN...OFFICER, ARREST THIS MAN BEFORE HE WAKES! ...HE IS ROBBERFLY SMITH!

HUH?

(BLUB) WH'AM I?



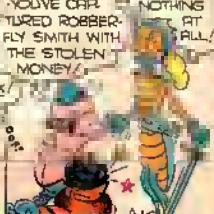
WHY-A-IT CAN'T BE- IT IS!!

ROBBERFLY SMITH!



GREAT WORK! IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL!

YOU'VE CAPTURED ROBBERFLY SMITH WITH THE STOLEN MONEY!



YOU'RE A HERO!!

DON'T YOU WANT YOUR REWARD MONEY?

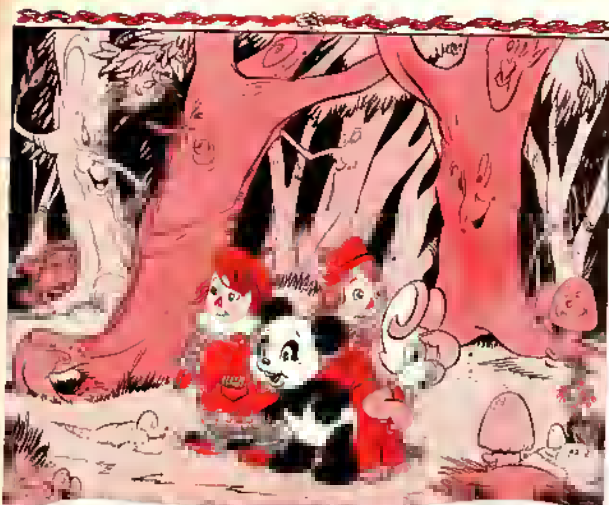
I AM DON BUGABOO, THE GALLANT KNIGHT... I NEVER ACCEPT REWARDS! COME, FATCHO, ONWARD TO NEW ADVENTURES!



FASTER FATCHO! ...UNTIL WE GET ANOTHER AUTO, YOU WILL HAVE TO SUBSTITUTE!

AN' I DIDN'T EVEN GET A TASTE OF THAT STEW!





Here you see Raggedy Ann and Andy, Oswald the Rabbit and Andy Panda in the deep woods... They are trying to see how many faces of Pixies they can find. How many do YOU see in the Picture? There should be Twelve! And if you want to see the Raggedys, Oswald and Andy Panda each month use the coupon below ---



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